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The Onlooker

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

Vol. I—No. 5 TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1920 Price—20c.

Not Party ❧ The People

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NOT PARTY **THE ONLOOKER** *THE PEOPLE*

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

A Literary Journal of Independent Critical Opinion on Public Affairs

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WHERE STANDS QUEBEC?

THOSE who are advocating group-government as a substitute for our present constitutional way of doing things would be well advised to keep their eyes on Quebec. That Province, under the wise, sagacious and honest guidance of Sir Lomer Gouin (whose relinquishment of office is a distinct calamity to the whole Dominion), has gone forward by leaps and bounds. Not only has its wealth increased, but its population also; and if it keep up its present ratio of advance, it will, in the near future, become the Banner Province of the Dominion. At present it is in estrangement. It has practically no representation at Ottawa. There is, we believe, but one French-speaking member in the Cabinet. This is a misfortune, from whatever angle you may care to view it. Whatever fanatics may say, the future of this country must be one of compromise. Quebec's religion, language and laws are guaranteed by solemn compact, and time has but solidified and fortified her unique position among the Provinces. Short of physical reconquest, which is inconceivable, the rest of us must, and, as a matter of fact, do accept the situation.

Now, the supreme advantage which Quebec holds is its solidarity. It is practically a racial unit. There may be, no doubt there are, family differences and sharp personal rivalries. Certainly M. Bourassa represents an extreme form of nationalism, and is opposed, root and branch, to what he calls Imperialism. He has no great love for Britain or British ways, and would be well content to see the whole vast Confederacy resolved into its separate parts. He dreams of a dominant French race, if not on the whole continent, certainly on the northern part of it. He is, apparently, out of touch with both political groups (*Rouge* and *Bleu*), and goes his way untroubled by criticism from any quarter. He is the brilliant editor of a daily paper which has a considerable circulation, and the power he wields is not to be despised. He has the supreme courage of his convictions, and, in fact, editorially, *Le Devoir* is M. Henri Bourassa. The stand he took during the war had a great deal to do with the final attitude of Quebec in the matter of conscription. That he did not, or could not, see the world-wide character of the strife—that it transcended all Imperialistic and other aims, and that the true issue was whether French civilization should be utterly over-

whelmed or rise to new and more glorious heights—is to be profoundly regretted. That he should not have been energetic in behalf of Britain was understandable; but that he should have been lukewarm in the cause of France was truly tragic. It shows how far the *habitant* has drifted from the country of his origin.

Still, there is this to be said in extenuation: Mr. Bourassa is a typical French-Canadian in his point of view—which is not world-wide in sympathy, but intensely local. The Quebecker is as he is. Time and chance has formed him, as it has formed us all. In no country in the world does the phrase, "racy of the soil," so aptly apply, and the reasons for this are historic.

The original *habitant* was, so to speak, thrown on the shores of the New World entirely against his will. A sympathetic reading of James Douglass' masterly work, "*Quebec in the Seventeenth Century*," will make the whole matter quite clear. This admirable history (the finest historical monograph we possess) should be read and studied by every patriotic Canadian. Most unfortunately it was printed by Burrowes & Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, for an exclusive *clientèle*, and is now out of print. But it should be reprinted and widely distributed. It is most fortunate that a learned and eloquent Scot should have had the opportunity of presenting to the world a history of Quebec which fulfils all the conditions of justice, and is yet touched throughout with such tender lights that one arises from a perusal full of the conviction that a simple folk so heroic, so "patient in tribulation," and so noble in heart must, in the Providence of God, be reserved for some great and noble end. It was the "Iron Brigade" of Brittany that threw the Germans out of Fort Douamont—the key of Verdun—for the last time and caused them to raise the siege, so saving Paris and civilization.

What we in Ontario constantly lose sight of is that the Quebeckers have been in Canada since 1608, or over three hundred years. They did not come of their own free will, but were sent out by an autocratic power as the mere bond-servants of the Church. The fur industry came afterwards. The whole aim and object of the superstitious *roué* who governed France at that time was to appease Heaven for the licentiousness of his Court and his own private life by patronizing missions to the savages in distant lands. The poor wretches who were shipped from St. Malo and Dieppe were not considered in the matter at all. Then, as now, exile from France was the last desperate resort of the helpless and the poor. Still, these simple men were the descendants of the Vikings, and have never lost the lust of the wild. To-day, at festivals of the *Filet Bleu* in Brittany, there is always a representative of *les loups de Mer*. Two races to-day in Quebec—the Norman and the Celt—form the bulk of the population, and, in the main, the people are descended from the most adventurous elements of both those stocks—the sea-faring class.

There is something about the sea that humbles and exalts mankind. Those races that battle with the vast primordial element —the men of the Shetlands and the Orkneys, the South Devon folk, the fishers of the west coast of France—have always been noted for intrepidity, genuine, deep religion, a touching and exquisite simplicity, straight, forward-looking honesty, loyalty to the deep, basic emotions out of which spring tenderness, honor and the power of supreme sacrifice. Poor pawns of a dissolute king, allowed no voice of protest, manacled by ancient, arbitrary customs and laws, treated as wards of Church and State, nevertheless, they stood erect and recalcitrant, and moulded, in the course of centuries, their own peculiar civilization. If there is such a thing as a Canadian, pure and simple, look not for him in our busy Western Provinces—the most of us are but one remove from Britain, and multitudes not even that—but go to those long white villages that lie on the talus of the ancient Archæan ranges and there, or nowhere, you will find him.

If Canada is to continue a nation, and not be disrupted into petty Provinces or absorbed and finally lose its identity in the great roaring Republic to the south of us, it behooves us to try to sympathetically comprehend our Quebec brethren. The people of Quebec are not ogres, and while they are passionately devoted to the ancient communion in religion, attempt no proselytization in Ontario. Can Protestant Ontario say as much?

Those who have camped with the typical French-Canadian guide know that he is simple-hearted, honest and cheerful. More than one distinguished man of letters has borne tribute to his good qualities. Drummond has given him his aureole, and one has a feeling in reading his pages that it is all from the heart. It is absurd to talk of "irreconcilable differences" in the case of Quebec. The bar of language is largely on our side. Why should we not all learn French? We would be the better of it. And why does not the average English-speaking Canadian take a deeper interest in the early history of his country? Parkman neglected the annals of his own land, so fascinated was he by the glamor that plays like a brilliant Aurora in the north. The meeting of the most civilized, exquisite, erudite type of the period—for the first time in human history—with the men of the stone age fascinated him, and resulted in a series of charming books. It may truly be said that he discovered Quebec for us, and, indeed, for the world. Since Parkman's time, of course, vast strides have been made, and Old Quebec has produced a historian whose brilliant pages lose no splendor even when compared with so perfect an artist as the great New Englander. Those who desire to get a good understanding of Quebec can do no better than consult the pages of Colonel William Wood. Here is a writer who, in accuracy of research, purity of diction, and great sweeping style, ranks with the highest in our language. Men like

Wood, MacPhail, Douglass and Lighthall, know that Quebec has no sinister designs; that what she is on the surface she is at heart—a peace-loving, devout, hard-working, easily satisfied community. But they also know that she has her own stubborn consciousness of race, and that she is proud and not ashamed of those qualities that handicap her, to some extent, at any rate, in the fierce commercial struggles of the time.

Now, supposing that the idea of group-government should in the end triumph, and that the whole country from East to West should be divided into innumerable hostile camps! It gives one a shudder even to contemplate it; but it *is* a not remote possibility. In such an event, where would stand Quebec? It is the reasoned conviction of *The Onlooker* that Quebec would control the political situation, and that nothing could prevent it. The old maxim, *Divide et Impera*, would again display its profound truth. Would this be fortunate for Quebec? Unquestionably, if those in control of her destiny should rise to heights of statesmanship and form a nucleus for all the sane, constructive forces of the country. But unquestionably not, if the guardians of her patriotism and honor should enter into alliances not prompted by a deep desire to preserve the sacred unity of the nation. Should Quebec in her day of power elect to play politics for her own selfish aggrandisement, it would not be long before the old cry of Roman Catholic domination would be heard once more in the land and the usual poisonous fruits would in time be garnered.

The situation is really very critical. Here in Ontario the U.F.O. is beginning to nominate candidates for the Dominion House, and has evidently an understanding with the more radical elements of labor as to division of constituencies. In time, no doubt, these two elements will fall apart, since the workman's very life depends on a maintenance of the present tariff; but just at present the plea, "we are both toilers," seems to sweep the field. The leaders of the U.F.O. are not only hopeful of carrying Ontario in alliance with labor; they are cock-sure. An awful apathy seems to have settled down upon both the old parties. All depends on the plain man who is keeping his mouth shut. Certainly the majority of the farmers are not for the U.F.O., and there is great comfort in the thought. They are sick and disgusted at the whole amateur outfit, and in their hearts desire to get back to the old party lines. We are, in fact, witnessing what has been so often witnessed in history: a superficial surface agreement between two parties whose real differences are fundamental and irreconcilable. The plea, "we are both toilers," will go the way of all insincere shibboleths the moment it becomes a question of a full or empty dinner-pail. Meantime the farmer is willing to make use of labor to forward his vague political philosophy and gratify his ambition, and the radical Laborites hope, by the aid of the farmer, to forward their

very definite and clear-cut attacks on capital—including the savings of the farmers themselves.

It is noticeable in the midst of this chaos that the Conservative party remains intact. It did not split as did the Liberal. What it was it is. It is the Liberal party that is disrupted—part falling to the new National Liberal and Conservative party, part to the U.F.O., and the remainder to the old Laurier group. To the blandishments of the Hon. Mackenzie King and *The Globe* the U.F.O. returns no response. It is well known, however, that in the last Provincial Election the Liberals refrained from running candidates against the U.F.O. in many constituencies; probably with the hope that the new groups would find shelter eventually in the Liberal fold—where, according to the Hon. Mackenzie King, they properly belong. Alas, the ingratitude! Instead of returning, like the prodigal, these new and strange voyageurs "on life's tempestuous sea" joined up with labor, took on, as by magic, all the frills of office, and now boldly proclaim that the alliance is permanent, and that their ambitions extend to Ottawa and complete mastery of the political field. The absolute confidence of these neophytes in politics is one of the most charming things in the annals of the country. Here is a party in a majority of one in the House, in a popular minority of a quarter of a million in the country, dependent for its very life on the good graces of a small group of Laborites, which yet is so full of confidence in its divine mission to rule the whole Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific that already (though the Federal Election may not come off for a year) it is placing candidates in the field. No doubt there are many honest and earnest men in the U.F.O., but there is a suspicious monotony about the way in which certain "elect spirits," known as "The Committee," monopolize all the conversation and do all the boasting. There is a curious lack of spontaneity about it all. Is it possible that already the mass of the farmers have got sick of the whole farce and are ready, as Mr. Hicks warned his followers, to sink back into the old comfortable ruts, allowing those who have the education, time and training to devote themselves to the arduous, and, we may add, thankless and poorly paid job of legislator? It begins to look as though those few Conservative farmers who were inveigled into the movement, now that the Free-trade, Income-tax slogan has been sounded, have quietly withdrawn, and are biding their time. The quiet fields of Flanders swim in a mist before their loyal eyes, and when the real issue is unveiled and group-selfishness stands forth in all its hideous nakedness, these men will save the country which their sons died to preserve.

The Hon. Mackenzie King has not only poured unctuous flattery on the U.F.O., he has also made advances to Labor (*vide* speech on the G.T.R. employees' reinstatement) and has fluttered his handkerchief in the direction of the cross-benches at Ottawa. Unavail-

ingly! The Hon. Michael Clark is a party of one—Free-trade, loyal, lovable. Certainly he and the member for Brome deserve the tribute of sincerity. So far as the Quebec Liberal group or the Fielding group is concerned, as they are both committed to Protection, he can have nothing to do with them. As to the Hon. Mr. Crerar and his following, these propose, if they can, to keep the North-West a closed preserve and to continue the U.G.G. as a curious combination of business and politics. Beyond a pious yearning for Free-trade they have given no evidence whatever of what they propose to accomplish for the country as a whole. There is an utter absence of broad vision. Certainly Quebec has nothing in common with them, can have nothing; for Quebec's very life depends on Protection. That they have created a "machine" and have the farmers of the North-West locofoced temporarily is probably true. One result of the policy of this group has been a most embittered and irrational hate of Old Ontario. It is almost like a child turning against its parents, and, we may as well admit it, hurts. Here in Ontario we are deeply, truly interested in the fortunes of the North-West. Why should not we be, since the most of our children are there? Is it possible that the whole strength of this movement rests on the *irresponsible* vote? Is the foreign and recent American vote being played upon by men who have put their selfish aims above the true good of the country as a whole? Are we to have sectionalism in its most repellent form? If so, "good-bye" to a United Canada from sea to sea, and that means eventually "good-bye" to the British Empire, for the North-West is the great arch of the cantilever, one buttress of which rests on the Archæan axis, the other on the Cordilleran.

Broadly, the next election *may* work out as follows: in Ontario an overwhelming National Liberal and Conservative group solid for Protection, a U.F.O. and Labor group, and an insignificant Liberal remnant. When the issue becomes clearer in the Maritime Provinces we shall have either a N.L. and Conservative majority or a Fielding following—probably the latter. In British Columbia a large Conservative majority, since the sentiment for Protection is very strong in that Province. In the North-West anything may happen, but one thing is certain—the U.G.G. will not have easy sledding, for there also there are evidences of reaction in favor of a more rational and patriotic policy. Blood and loyalty in the end will tell. If this forecast be right, it means that Quebec will be in complete control, and that the Fielding group, who believe in Protection, Quebec and the N.L. and C. party will have to sink all petty differences and get together against the forces of disruption and the harbingers of financial ruin. Should the N.W. attempt to smash Confederation, then the Maritime Provinces, British Columbia, Quebec and Ontario will sink all party differences and quickly enough show them that Canada is one and is British.

Before the next election, however, there is going to be a campaign of education such as Canada has never heretofore witnessed; and it is to be hoped that, as a result of the wise, strong and patriotic lead of the new Premier, the National Liberal and Conservative party will be returned with a majority sufficiently large to carry on the affairs of the country with power and security. If this should happen, then the isolation of Quebec ought to be ended by giving a just representation to able men from that Province in the new Cabinet. The noble utterance of the Premier, Hon. M. Taschereau, protesting against Quebec's isolation and pleading for a restoration of the old feeling of neighborly goodwill, so that Quebec may once again sit with the other Provinces beside the Dominion fireside, ought to awaken a response in every true Canadian heart. Such a high, clear utterance stamps the new Quebec leader as a statesman of the purest type.

LA PATRIE AND *THE ONLOOKER*

IN commenting on a short article in the July *Onlooker* in which the editor warned Messrs. Lapointe and Murphy of the danger that lay in arousing religious animosities, and in which he stated that such tactics, if persisted in, might end by making the Hon. Mr. Rowell the Representative Protestant, the editor of *La Patrie* has this to say:—

> "*The Onlooker* semble vouloir pêcher en eau trouble et souhaiter une effervescence de fanatisme dont il devrait être le premier à redouter les fâcheuses conséquences."

The Onlooker has no desire "to fish in troubled waters" or of provoking what he seemed to deplore. *The Onlooker* did not insult the Hon. Mr. Rowell. It was Mr. Murphy who did that in a speech which ought to be expunged, for its scurrility, from the records of Hansard. Furthermore, *The Onlooker* did not call the Hon. Mr. Rowell " a soul saver" or remark, "He is too perfect." Mr. Lapointe did that. In common with every decent Canadian, *The Onlooker* deplored the introduction of personal rancours into debate. He went further. He wrote in that same article, "Religion is too precious a thing to be dragged as a captive at the wheel of the political chariot." And he ended by quoting the admonition of Horace "*Favete linguis!*"—"Observe a religious silence!"

Fair criticism is always allowable, and *The Onlooker* tries to depend on logic to fortify and clinch his conclusions and not on gross partisan special-pleading. He certainly would not dream of quoting from a contemporary and commenting so as to give a false impression of the writer's thought and intention. That sort of thing always acts as a boomerang, as in this particular case.

This number of *The Onlooker* will make clear that Quebec has no truer friend than the editor of this journal. *The Onlooker*

realizes keenly that Quebec and Ontario must come to a good understanding if the Canada we all so dearly love is to work out her magnificent destiny and become a just and powerful nationality.

THEN AND NOW

THE ancient Athenians, we are assured, on what is usually considered good authority, "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." We can well believe it. But we will venture the remark that, compared with the members of the modern civilized world, the Athenians were dull indeed. The cinema has become the symbol of modern curiosity and unrest. We are literally living from day to day, almost from hour to hour. "The just man, firm in his principles," is not in evidence in these days. We must have our evening sensation, our morning thrill, or the day seems empty. Talk about unstable equilibrium! Was there ever a time in the history of mankind when the human consciousness was so haunted by phantoms, or so cursed by doubt and despair?

There was a time when foreign affairs ran true to form. Russia, for example, was definitely on the map. We knew her. Was she not "Adam Zad—the man that walks like a bear"? Had she not her greedy eyes on the golden regions south of the Oxus? In those dear, happy days of stability, France never failed us. She was always delightfully ebullient and our gentlemanly enemy. We were rather proud to think that the historic antagonisms had kept up so long, and wasted no end of wind in recalling Agincourt, Malplaquet, Trafalgar, the Peninsular campaign, and, crowning glory, Waterloo. In our secret hearts we admired her, as one admires a lovely woman whose psychology eludes. We also had the comfortable conviction that we could handle France, and, at any rate, there was the Channel and our invincible navy and all the rest of it. Col. Marchand and Fashoda aroused a certain trepidation, but the quiet handling of that question by Kitchener caused our pride to swell. Then the Guards were the Guards—perfection! For those north of the Tweed the Scots Greys, Black Watch and Highland Light Infantry afforded cause of pride. Germany! Oh, yes, there was such a country that had displayed terrible efficiency and had won a great war in the shortest time on record; but had not Bismarck stated that a war between Germany and England would be a battle between an elephant and a whale? Our invincible navy again! We never bothered about Germany and the average German. We rather tolerated the Teuton as slow, philosophic, good-humored, very patient, exact and laborious, and much given to music, poetry, metaphysics, system-making, tendency-hunting, beer, tobacco and song. Britons were the only people who had the word "Home" in their vocabulary; but, of course, the Germans had the word *gemüthlichkeit;* and some of us who had read Lowell's poem would occasionally sing out on parting, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

There were strikes and labor disturbances, of course, but they had a spasmodic character; and society had the comfortable conviction that "something would be done," and society was usually right. Nothing was standardized; efficiency was not a mania; advertising was modest; people did not disguise their greed and selfishness by such cries as moral reform and uplift; unquestionably, men were better democrats, because they were more intimate, friendly and personal than they are now. Society seemed founded on a rock of common-sense, and the existing code of laws was considered adequate for the settlement of any and every dispute. Special class-legislation was a thing unheard of: all, peer and peasant alike, stood exactly equal before the law. No one but hackmen wore "Coon" and Buffalo coats, and a man who could keep his carriage and pair was a local magnate. There was no yellow Press: it would not have been tolerated. Those curious criminals, sentenced for life to draw the same cartoons (and who all go mad and die millionaires), were utterly unknown. Nash delighted America; Bengough tickled even the Back-Concessions; and Tenniel drew in magnificent sweeping lines for *Punch.*

In those days labor did not weep over its sad lot (in these days it grows ever more lachrymose with each fresh advance in wages; threatening, when it finally "owns the earth and all that is therein," as one British Bolshevik puts it, to dissolve in tears), and the farmer thanked God for a good harvest and voted regularly for John A. or Alexander Mackenzie. Our most terrific scandal was "Steel Rails"; and what a pother we made about it! Somehow there seemed to be more red blood in men's veins, and the average young man was not preternaturally keen to make a million. A million! One hundred thousand was a huge amount, and not many had that in those far-off halcyon days. The business men of that period were not keen and hard featured, and lived in a generous style. They were big and handsome. Judges, like Galt, Draper, Wilson, Hagerty, Matthew Crooks Cameron, carried an air with them and compelled respect—not by affected *hauteur,* but by weight of culture and courtly, inherited manners. The Yacht Club Ball was a social event, and there were families whose blood was gentle and whose hearts were kind, and who carried out the sweet manners of an age that placed the spirit above the flesh. Nobody was "up-to-date"; we were all hopelessly belated, provincial, British to the core; with no particular wish to be dragged into International affairs, and with the conviction in our hearts that the sovereign was the world's standard of value, Queen Victoria the model wife, mother and bereaved widow, and the British Empire immutable. When Earl Dufferin bagged Burma and a marquisate we took it as a matter of course. Every British success was in the Order of Divine Providence, and to be expected. We had licked the Yankees once, and —well, there was the British Empire! Fortunately, just at the present moment, there *is* a British Empire!

In those days the late Professor Goldwin Smith "did like a Colossus stride our globe." Those who could forgive him the awful heresy of annexation used furtively to buy *The Bystander*, and "the elect" would speak, with a sort of awe, of his "style." "The finest living master of English," we called him. Did not his portrait hang in the Bodleian, and was not his nickname, even among the Oxford dons, "The Hugheous Goldwin"! How we chuckled at his lean, sinewy stride in controversy with the logical pounce, snap and toss of vermin at the end! We saw no contradiction between possession of "The Grange," a large private fortune, and his idolatry of Pym, Hampden, Cromwell and Algernon Sydney. His radicalism was of the upper heavens of thought; at heart he was a stickler for all the niceties, proprieties and privileges of his own caste. Quite right, too! Bengough's happy characterization of him as "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance" stuck, because it was true. He *was* a literary Don Quixote, and tilted at windmills all his life —a moral idealist, if ever there was one!

Years ago, when the old was trembling into the new, and *The Bystander* was beginning to show age and had fallen on reticence, *The Onlooker* received a courteous invitation to lunch at the Stratford-Bellevue in Philadelphia. It was just the kindly attention of an old man extended to one who was very young and without the shadow of a claim to consideration—save that once or twice he had contributed to *The Week* a philosophical article, the erudition and cock-sureness of which even now amazes. After the meal *The Bystander* talked—there was no conversation. The writer can close his eyes and hear again, as in a dream, that sonorous monologue. For two solid hours the stream flowed on. It was all about the Eastern question, the possibility of a European war, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The range it took was vast; but the root of it all was trivial. The old man eloquent was obsessed with but one idea—that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe *created* the Eastern Question, because, while British ambassador at St. Petersburg, he had been snubbed by the Tsar. What was interesting, of course, was that this was all a peg on which to hang all sorts of estimates of persons—some then living, the most dead. Three sentences stuck, and only three: "The Italians are the most intellectual of the Latin races," and "The Jew lives only to exploit the Gentile. He belongs not to a nation, but a clan."

Now, as showing the charming simplicity of the time, it will be sufficient to observe that in traversing the whole field of European politics, Goldwin Smith did not once mention the name of Germany; yet, even then (1892), that country was well on the fatal road of ambition and materialism which was to end in turning Europe into a shambles, and the after-effects of which may shatter the civilization of a thousand years.

Charming days those! We wish we had them back!

FREE TRADE FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN IDEALIST

THE ONLOOKER has received a letter on the vexed subject of Protection versus Free Trade from the former editor of *Grip*. There lives no purer idealist in Canada than Mr. J. W. Bengough. For years he has "nailed his colors to the mast," and has used all his resources of pen, pencil and voice in the advocacy of certain cherished convictions. He is that somewhat rare combination—a cartoonist with a basis of moral earnestness.

It was said of the late Mark Twain that, at bottom, he was a moralist. It may have been so. But those who choose the vehicle of caricature must not complain if ordinary, dull-witted people refuse the solid fare and enjoy the dessert. *The Onlooker* regrets that he cannot reproduce the letter in question *in extenso;* but the main contentions are very simply couched, and can be summarized in a few quotations.

Mr. Bengough is no half-way advocate of a theory. The word "compromise" does not exist in his lexicon. It is the universal or nothing. This is, always has been, and always will be, the attitude of the social reformer. The universal is unrealizable, yet, as an ideal, persists; and, we may add, always will persist, so long as "old men dream dreams" and "young men see visions." In our hearts we honor such men, and are prepared to swear that Dulcinea is the fairest damsel in Christendom. At the same time (Oh, Lord, forgive the flesh its mortal weakness!), regularly, three times a day, we are attracted by the smell of Sancho's cooking, and take comfort in listening to Don Quixote's deep, regular respirations after a hard day's work tilting at windmills.

The sentences which count in this indictment are as follows:

(1) "Protectionism is, in short, the negation of Christianity and a reversal of the spirit of good will among men."

(2) "In adopting and maintaining that policy the United States gives the lie to the noble idealism of the Declaration, and besides that, I am convinced, it retards its own progress. It is prosperous in spite of its protectionism, because it is a free-trade world within itself."

(3) "Such an organ as *The Onlooker* should deal with the subject on the basis of fundamental principle and *not on the grounds of things as they are.*"

(4) "For my part, I could not believe in a God whose laws were in harmony with the Protectionist doctrine. He would certainly have no claim to be considered the God of humanity."

These sentences are very earnest, exclusive and—fallacious. If we had it in our power to change human nature: to endow, e.g., the Russian mujik and the Bolshevik with reason and humanity, we would gladly do so. Who would not? Isaiah had that desire,

and died in the faith that one day "the lion would lie down with the lamb." Babylon succeeded Assyria and Judah and Jerusalem were almost completely wiped out. Cyrus, the Persian, was milder, but national liberty did not exist under his despotic sway. In the days of Artaxerxes a remnant returned and rebuilt the walls of the Holy City, but the Greek cohorts under Alexander swept in triumph over Syria and the Farther East and Israel bowed beneath the blast. Followed Rome, the Persian, the conquest of the Byzantine Palæologus, the Osmali Turk—who, till Allenby's victorious advance, had ruled undisturbed (save for a brief interregnum) for almost eight hundred years. "What care these roarers for the name of King?" asks one of the characters in "The Tempest." What cared these conquering peoples for the prediction of a lonely prophet that the day would come when "swords would be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks"? Just nothing! An ideal of the heart? Certainly! Who would deny it to Faith? But shall we therefore ignore the bestial, devilish, selfish, lustful and blood-thirsty instincts of the not-fully-developed man? God forgive us! we did, and millions upon millions paid the price of our complete folly. When will the doctrinaire realize that all perfect theories must be worked by imperfect men, and that when theory flies too far beyond practice the result is always tragedy and a reversion to atavism? Intellect failing for want of proper means, instinct, sometimes savage and bestial, takes up the weary burden.

Mr. Bengough would have us believe that Single Tax and Free Trade, if accepted, would redeem the world. We flatly deny it. When a high intelligence reigns universally, and, as a result of the painfully slow progress of Evolution, the selfish will in man is purified and curbed, we make look for a realization of the ancient prophet's dream; but at present we must face not only things as they are, but nations as they are—an entirely different proposition. The soul is an activity and not a fact. The taunt of Socrates about "catching it" is still pertinent. A fact you can classify and arrange; not so an activity; you can only get at the latter through its physical manifestations. Our egregious diplomats thought they understood Germany. They did not. Only one man in modern England understood Germany—the late Professor Cramb—and nobody took him seriously. In what way would Free Trade or Single Tax affect the contest between capital and labor? Labor disputes are even more violent in Free Trade England than in Protectionist America.

To say that "the world is staggering under a load of debt *because* it has rejected Single Tax and persists in Protection," as Mr. Bengough does in one of his "Chalk Talks," cannot be proved. Debts are incurred for far other reasons. The ineradicable tendency to spend money in faith that at a future time we shall have sufficient

funds in hand to meet liabilities is the true cause of all debt. This and war. To incur a debt is an act of faith in the future. We, of course, not infrequently suffer for our reckless optimism. Drastic and extraordinary systems of taxation follow hard on the heels of extravagance. Reckless expenditure, and, of course, corruption *in times of peace* are the true causes of irksome national debts, and these depend, not on systems, but on persons. Systems of taxation may be wise or unwise, but they are powerless as checks either on governmental or personal extravagance. Free Trade England and Protectionist America have been and are indulging in wild orgies of self-indulgence. What do the Welsh miners or the railwaymen care for altruism at the present time? They hold the whip hand, and propose to get the "last drop of blood nearest the heart" out of the rest of us.

Fiscal systems are powerless to affect, save in the most superficial way, those social evils that have their origin in that dark and mysterious region which we call the human consciousness. It would be pleasant, indeed, if a mere passage from Protection to Free Trade would usher in the Kingdom of Heaven. If Mr. Bengough really believes that free intercourse among nations and a tax on land will end all our woes, we envy him his faith. What about Italia Irredenta? What about Treitschke's doctrine of pure force? What about Italy and Greece? France and Germany? Hungary and Croatia? Ireland? How the problems that are for ever independent of fiscal systems crowd upon the modern stage! We had Free Trade in culture for centuries. What has it availed as regards war and strife? The nation that made a fetish of culture took as gospel this destestable sentence: "A nation's military efficiency is the exact co-efficient of a nation's idealism." The contention that "Protectionism is the negation of Christianity" perpetrates the fallacy of opposing two conceptions that run along on parallel lines and need never meet. Are Free Traders the only Christians? What is a Christian?

"Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?"

Doubtless the majority of those who listened to Jesus of Nazareth were fanatically opposed to the dominion of Rome. Shortly after the death of the Nazarene they arose in revolt under Bar-Cocheba in one of the most hopelessly glorious rebellions in all history. The Master taught them, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's." He separated and kept apart the spiritual and the economic worlds. His words are, "My kingdom is not of this world." Of an offence much more serious than economic heresy he said, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more!"

As to the United States and the Declaration! One cannot, of course, quarrel with the Declaration. Thrusts against beautiful

phantoms will draw no blood. Let it stand! There is a lot of superficial talk about *rights* in that document; but not one word of gratitude to the nation that nourished and brought up, dowered and defended the feeble infant commonwealth when the red man was a constant menace and extinction a possibility; no mention is made of duties; no hint is breathed of the true uses to be made of Liberty. All is glittering generality. It is the most beautiful piece of national conceit in all literature; and it was not an accident that the man who wrote it had the fact engraved upon his tomb, and was himself—following in the footsteps of the Corsican—the author of the Embargo. Alexander Hamilton was an infinitely greater man, as Oliver has proved in his charming biography.

But, leaving all that out! In what way does the doctrine of Protection invalidate the Declaration? Surely a nation has a plain right, after debate, to decide on its own fiscal policy? It is too late in the day to contend that *had* the United States espoused Free Trade it would at this hour be happier, better and more prosperous. Americans believe the contrary. They "point with pride," etc. At any rate, the fact is that America is the richest nation in the world, and its growth in all directions has been dramatic. Whether it is the happiest nation is another matter. Patriotic Americans have no doubts in the premises. Our own impression is that those nations that are untouched and untroubled by the cosmic problem are alone happy, and that there is something infinitely higher than that form of happiness which springs from fiscal reforms—the rigor of the game—complete self-realization in a noble end.

Of course, a nation must have Free Trade within itself. France at one time tried the opposite experiment and found it wouldn't work. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." National solidarity is dependent upon complete unity of governmental control. The choice is between a purely peasant nation, like Serbia, e.g., or full participation in modern life with cities, manufacturing, and all that follows from human concentration in certain favored spots, good and bad.

The fact is that Protection is a weapon of defence in a world where ambition and the lust of money is still in the ascendant—the heart again! Protection is really an armour. Every creature has a specific weapon of defence; even the oyster secretes a shell. Under Free Trade would there be no rivalry, sharp practice, rebates, economic wars for markets and sources of raw material; no feeble nations inviting (because of their lack of protection) exploitation and financial enslavement? The first business of a people is defence. When a nation gets sufficiently powerful through wealth, efficiency, science, invention, a happy geographical position, and the robust character of its people, *and needs raw material* (the position of England), it naturally espouses Free Trade. A mercantile

marine is essential to a nation in such a position, since it must have cargo both ways. On the other hand, when a nation is weak, relatively speaking, in point of population and money, with great undeveloped resources (our own case) it naturally clings to Protection. It is not a moral question, strictly speaking, at all. There are as many millionaires in Free Trade England as in Protectionist America. The cotton spinners in England have been making during the past two years profits as high as 3,000% under Free Trade! They are able to do this because, aided by Government, they secured the world's wool, and because the rest of the world is in a state of financial dislocation owing to the war.

Roughly speaking, Protection carries its own checks. At first, beyond dispute, large sums are made by courageous companies and individuals. But the law that *Capital always flows in the direction of the highest return* quickly operates, and a second factor comes on the scene, viz., Internal Competition. This force acts so quickly and so violently (civil economic war) that profits in the end drop to somewhere near zero. When this point is reached, in order to prevent bankruptcy all round, a third development takes place—the Trust or Merger. At this stage the people, becoming alarmed at monopoly, make their power felt, and demand that the Trust be curbed; and, as a logical consequence of a condition, we have the final and concluding step in industrial evolution—Governmental control. This is where we are at present. Law, always the last power on earth to move, is being slowly extended to cover the changed conditions of modern life.

Had it not been for the war, the United States would have been driven, and of necessity, into, if not Free Trade, at any rate, into Reciprocity with various nations, and we would have been forced to follow suit. The point of this argument is, that Free Trade arrives as a natural evolution, and when it is clearly seen to be a good. But until the people become firmly convinced that it *is* a benefit you may talk academic Free Trade to the day of judgment and they will only laugh at you. They may admit your theoretical reasoning, but, guided by a wise instinct, they will continue the practice under which they manifestly prosper. We in Canada cannot have Free Trade, because the people of Canada know they would be crushed out of existence by the most selfish and powerful democracy in the world. There is also a debt of $2,400,000,000, the result, not of fiscal legislation, but of the cost of preserving our life and liberty. This we must pay.

As for looking at the question *fundamentally* instead of from the point of view of *things as they are*, here, also, we are face to face with a fallacy. Things as they are *are* fundamental, or they would not be. We cannot deal with a theoretical world. It is the varying points of view, heredities, psychologies, national ambitions, differing racial types (the Japanese, for example) that force us to play

an always desperate game. These we cannot change. Only Time, or God taking His time, can ameliorate and transform them. But why should we wish to change them? A universal type of man, no matter how admirable, might prove the forerunner of universal madness. At any rate, all originality would disappear. Who would want an American, or an English, or a German world? Universal religion, universal ethics, universal anything is an utter and complete absurdity. Let America go her own way. We propose to go ours and to work out on this continent a distinctively Canadian civilization.

The last point raised and set forth in the words, "For my part, I could not believe in a God whose laws were in harmony with the Protectionist doctrine." again confuses the issue. Belief in God, as we see it, is conditioned upon spiritual experience. Economic theories belong to the world of logic and science. They are workable or unworkable, wise or foolish; but Religion is an intimate personal thing, and, we may add, is independent of all theories of the universe, including economic and theological theories. We will content ourselves with observing that in these days men are not losing faith in God because this theory of taxation and not that is accepted, but because they find it hard, in view of what has happened to the whole race, to maintain faith in the thought of a Heavenly Father. During the actual struggle God's hand was plainly apparent to many in the splendor of human sacrifice for an ideal; but it is the aftermath of selfishness and unbridled hedonism through which we are now passing, as through some ghastly eclipse, that is shaking religion to its very base. Withal, it is true, that the last fine conclusion of human reason is but a spring-board for the plunge of Faith. Let it go at that!

These contentions of Mr. Bengough, so noble and so fallacious, illuminate a dark spot in our present civilization. It is the golden age of the theorist, the uplifter, the man of empty words, and the end of all their Evangel is, that if certain legislation be put on the statute book Caliban will be metamorphosed into Prospero. It is the most dangerous fallacy that ever entered into the human mind. You may pile Pelion upon Ossa in the form of new laws and men will remain unchanged in their essential natures. Words are not things. If we could be made perfect by legislation, the race would have reached the summit long ago.

"What avail your laws without public morals to enforce them," asked Horace in his ode to the covetous two thousand years ago. Have we supplied the answer?

This trust in legislation to transform the world is an indication, not of strength, but of weakness; not of superior morality, but of a lack of all true morality; not of essential goodness, but of inward effeminacy and decay. It is an attempt to shift burdens that ought to be considered personal to the shoulders of a vague

something called The Government. For our own part, our trust in the continuance of our great and beneficent Empire is conditioned, not on any legislation that may hereafter be passed, but on our own noble stock; and, particularly, on those simple, honest gentlemen who look for a solution of their private problems to no other source than their souls, and who, in the hour of danger, trust their strong right arms. Weakness may not be a sin against the Holy Ghost, but it is a crime against the Nation. Only those nations that strive and thrive and are prepared to defend against the whole world, by every weapon in their command (including tariffs), their inmost life and genius can possibly survive. This means that we must trust, not legislation, but character. The desire of universal domination is madness; but the aspiration towards grandeur, power and prosperity on the part of each separate nation is the salt that preserves society from decay. If Protection aid national growth it is good; if it retard and impoverish it is bad. Here only one principle can be made to work—the pragmatic test of results. The people of Canada have flourished under Protection. Why change?

Finally! Is it wise to identify God's will with Free Trade, or, indeed, with any particular *theory?* "Who knoweth the mind of God, or who being His counsellor hath taught Him?" Is it not quite as logical, seeing that God has given to each creature a weapon of defence in order to preserve its life, to say that God is really against Free Trade? Does not the highest morality consist in an endeavor to preserve Life in the faith that Life holds God's ultimate intention, deep-locked in the unborn soul. May not the doctrine of Protection, as regards a nation, be nothing but the mother-instinct carried out to race dimensions?

THE ONLOOKER AND THE U.F.O.

WE have been informed anonymously (per telephone) that the U.F.O. does not like the point of view of *The Onlooker.* We would hardly expect it to. But when men go into politics and advance novel theories that are in contravention of immemorial racial usages they must expect to get as good as they give. Politics is a hard game, and every weapon of defence and attack is allowable. The history of English jurisprudence since the freedom of the Press was won has been on the side of the editor, and rightly so. So long as a man's private life is left alone and the language of controversy is directed to *a criticism of the political theory under discussion,* all the resources of logic, wit, satire and humor are quite legitimate. What a "flat, stale and unprofitable world" it would be if controversy were narrowed down to the "small beer" of personal recrimination or a bald recital of statistics! Take out of English literature the telling pamphlets of Daniel Defoe, the caustic

ironies of Swift, the biting and incisive "Letters of Junius," the sublime criticisms of Edmund Burke—to name only a few—and what a gap would be left! As a matter of fact, political controversy is a record of history in the making; and it is to the files of the literary journals and newspapers that the future historian will oftenest turn. How would it be possible to write a complete history of the Wilson *régime* without consulting *Harvey's Weekly Letter*, or, in England, without a careful reading of "Musings Without Method," by the editor of *Blackwood's*, or the brilliant critiques of J. L. Garvin in *The Observer?*

If anything that *The Onlooker* has written on the theory of selfish group-government has gone home and sunk deep, then all he can say is that he has achieved the end sought, and is sincerely thankful. And for this sufficient reason: He is profoundly convinced that the one malign power which threatens the very basis of our civilization is precisely this mad tendency to bring the central authority into contempt and substitute for the single, undivided idea of the state a wild rabble, each member of which is intent on grabbing all he can get for his group, in complete oblivion of the General Good. He does not believe in a separate Labor party or a Farmer's party or, in short, in any kind of a party which does not fight for great general principles (like Free Trade or Protection), but is concerned only with selfish class-interests.

The whole miserable theory of the U.F.O. and the Labor-unions is wrong and against the true interests of the country. It is an indictment against our churches, our universities and our schools that such ideas should be abroad in our midst. For what is the true theory of political life? It is that, given good character and a proved interest in the community, the field is free for all. Our nominations are open. Anybody possessed of the necessary property qualification may run. But—and it is just here that we part with all the exploiters of novel and dangerous theories—the moment a man is elected he becomes the sworn representative, *not of a group*, but of the whole people. He represents absolutely, for the full term of Parliament, delegated power, and, save for malfeasance in office, he cannot be removed. No self-appointed Committee can remove him, or, without breaking the legal code, dictate to him how he shall vote. To attempt to do so by threats or intimidation is to do a very serious thing indeed. The bar of the House is a bar of justice; and more than once misguided individuals have learned this to their bitter cost. Only the other day a clergyman escaped this censure and punishment at Ottawa by "the skin of his teeth." It is a dangerous thing, indeed, to insult the dignity of Parliament, for Parliament is the law-making body—the very source and fountain of Justice and Equity.

If the statement printed in *The Mail and Empire* the other day, that an individual, who holds a prominent place in the ranks of

labor, was so ill-advised as to send letters to the labor representatives in the Provincial House that labor expected them to vote for Hydro-radials, be true, then he was guilty, not only of an unspeakable piece of "nerve," but of an offence against the Legislature, and should be summoned to the Bar of the House and forced to apologize. A member of Parliament is a member for his full legal term, and no power on earth, save Parliament itself, can expel him, and then only after a full trial and debate. It is high time this circularizing nonsense was stopped. Members are supposed to take an oath of faithfulness, and to act and vote in perfect freedom according to conscience and honor.

Does this particular gentleman seriously contend that the average labor member is sent to Parliament solely to represent what is vaguely called "labor," and not every member of his constituency? Men are elected to represent, not only the members of the Trades-Unions, but the banker, the manufacturer, the clerk, the merchant—everybody, in short. When he is elected he ceases to be the representative of a particular group. His responsibilities are immediately enlarged. What kind of a theory of government has this person got hold of? Does he maintain that a man goes to Parliament to represent a small clique, and not the whole? Or that a committee of that clique reserves the right to dictate to him *in advance* how he shall vote? In this case, to carry out orders and desert the Prime Minister would wreck the Government entirely. Has it come to this, that an unofficial, irresponsible group can, from the outside, make and unmake governments? Is not the very life of Parliament conditioned on the perfect freedom of sworn representatives to vote according to conscience and reason? Surely it is so. Any other theory is grotesque.

So far as the Hydro-radials are concerned we believe that the Hon. Mr. Drury is entirely right in the stand he has taken, and we wish him God-speed! He is a brave man; and it is not to the credit of a man who, after all, is the paid servant of the Crown, that he should dare to oppose him. We hope the Premier will make a complete cleaning-up, and let the people of Ontario know just where they stand. For our own part we fervently pray that the result may be the abolition of the Hydro-Electric Commission altogether, and the formation of a Ministry of Power with a trained actuary and an expert electrical engineer in charge under a responsible minister of the Crown.

We do not believe that the sensible farmers of Ontario want to be represented by a lot of cravens in office cowering in dread of an unofficial Referendum. The Referendum and Recall do not exist in Ontario. Why should an irresponsible group of men be allowed to exercise functions of interference with the activities of our elected representatives? Can anyone return an answer? There is none. It is a piece of pure effrontery to attempt it; and, moreover,

it is illegal. Those who try it may yet be made to smart. Were Sir Oliver Mowat or Sir James Whitney alive these gentlemen would quickly enough discover that in British communities the most perilous thing a man can do is to attempt intimidation of Parliament. It was for this reason that Charles I. lost his head; and it was because Lenthall of Bessilslea replied, "May it please your majesty, I have no ears but to hear the voice of this House," that Burford Priory is to-day a sacred spot to all Englishmen. Intimidation of Parliament is a more serious offence than embracery. Not even His Majesty can cross the threshold of the sacred chamber since that fateful day when the Stuart strode insolently into the House and demanded the surrender of Pym, Hampden and Eliot.

If Messrs. Hicks, Morrison and the rest of them feel peeved at *The Onlooker*, let them. The editor of *The Onlooker* declines all remuneration, has no political ambition, seeks no office, and has started his venture out of pure good will for the Canada he so dearly loves. He would give to his "ain folk" a journal of sensible, impartial criticism, and his reward will be the appreciation of those thoughtful and solid men for whom he writes. To all anonymous threats he has but one reply—Johnson's historic rejoinder to the author of Ossian.

The plain fact is, these men are on the "long leg" of a tack that will speedily bring them into wild and unknown waters. When they put the helm down hard and turn, as, sooner or later they will be forced to, instead of making any known harbor, they will, as sure as Fate, founder the ship of state upon the rocks of anarchy.

THE LABOR-U.F.O. COMBINATION

THOSE careless people who have persuaded themselves that there is nothing to fear from a Labor-U.F.O. combination had better familiarize themselves with Mr. James Simpson's circular letter to the various secretaries of Labor Unions throughout the Dominion calling upon them to sound the membership on the subject of a convention to be called for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Dominion House.

It has come to this at last! An individual noted for his extreme, not to say violent views, on economic questions, and who has been considered a sort of "stormy petrel" even among radicals; whose very name is a synonym for all that is disruptive of the established order; whose favorite *rôle* is that of the demagogue, has been chosen as the official spokesman of the hard-working farmer and the working man. By whom, we wonder? We presume in a back room by a committee. Were the Back-Concessions duly circularized?

Our own conviction is that Mr. James Simpson represents a very insignificant minority, and that the farmers are not so guileless as he seems to imagine. The farmers! The farmers, indeed, have

not had a chance to express themselves. What the vast majority of the farmers think in their hearts about these novel developments would not stand printing. We ourselves have listened to some picturesque comments that we would not dare to risk in cold type.

The plain truth is that the U.F.O. Government in Toronto is in a hopeless popular minority. If a strong leader in either the Conservative or Liberal party were to arise it would be instantly swept from office. The U.F.O. Government exists only on sufferance. Its members are mendicants of a class which distrusts them, and which they in turn profoundly distrust. Sometimes, we think, they must hang their heads in shame at the betrayal of their own class. They were not elected to join up with labor. The Proof? In the same issue which contains Mr. James Simpson's precious letter is an article giving the substance of a violent attack which appeared in *The Farmers' Sun* on the proposed increase in wages to the men employed on the railways. Do the railway men belong to the Labor-union? They do. Does the average farmer love the particular union to which the railway workers belong? He detests it and would strangle the life out of it to-morrow. In this particular case it is *his* ox that is gored. More than any other man in the community he depends on cheap transportation for a return commensurate with his toil.

The Farmers' Sun, we rejoice to see, does not mince words. It calls the proposed increase "plutocratic, outrageous, monstrous." It is all of these. We will go so far as to say that it is infamous. It means that we must all bleed afresh, and that prices will go still higher. It means that thousands, aye, millions of wearied workers will be denied holidays on account of the extra expense, to the loss of health and joy. It means that not only will the farmer be held up, but the whole community.

But what can the Canadian Government do? Absolutely nothing. The railway men in Canada are members of the International Union, with headquarters, we believe, in Washington; and the Railway Board, a semi-government commission, has wickedly granted an increase of $600,000,000 in wages. We in Canada are forced to follow suit or face a paralyzing strike. These men have apparently no mercy in their hearts for their fellows. So far as the farmer is concerned, they laugh at him. It is nothing to them that he deals in things that eat and things that rot and must ship his produce to market, no matter what the cost. But the other day, Mr. Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, came out boldly (*New York Times*, July 18th) with the statement that The Public had no claim to the slightest consideration whatever, and that the unions would not tolerate its interference in any shape, form or manner, with what was none of its business. Practically he served notice that the unions proposed to do as they pleased in the matter of strikes, hours, production and all the rest of it. His attitude

is, curiously enough, in consonance with old Commodore Vanderbilt's "The public be damned!" We are face to face with the worst Trust of all.

If this devilish doctrine prevail there will be no government left; or rather, the Unions will be the Government. Is this the road we are travelling? If so, sooner or later, it means civil strife. To deny the right of 100,000,000 of people to interfere through their elected government in matters which concern their most vital interests is monstrous. No society could exist under such an intolerable tyranny. And where would the farmer be? His very existence depends on cheap transportation. If freight rates be raised to the point where his profits disappear he will be ruined, and we will all be ruined with him.

The Farmers' Sun is right. But what about Comrade James Simpson's letter? James is not a capitalist. He, of course, has no right to be, in the light of his own philosophy. The patient reward, in the form of a "nest-egg," as a result of toil and self-denial, and which is sometimes described as a "private fortune," is anathema in his socialistic purview. He would seize the means of industry, and give to all alike the same dole, irrespective of character, brains or skill. The farmer, however, *is* a capitalist, and by virtue of his separate, and, in a sense, necessarily isolated existence, a good deal of an individualist. He is, in fact, *the* capitalist. Let him pause and hold his horses!

THE NEED OF A CLEARING-HOUSE OF SENSIBLE PATRIOTS

IT is high time that that great mass of long-suffering, patient people known as The General Public should get together in convention, not to form a new political group (God forbid!), but to protest against the attempts which are being made to destroy the national unity. At present the majority is without a voice. The average labor agitator, U.F.O. orator, socialist, communist, anarchist or uneducated crank has only to hold forth anywhere in public in order to be sure of a generous allowance of space—even in newspapers that pride themselves on their respectability. We pass from one sensation to another until now nothing short of acts of violence, like the late Winnipeg trouble, can disturb our *blasé* indifference. In a quiet rural community a murder takes on an aspect of sinister horror and is remembered for years. In a large centre of population it may be but an item of news. It is just possible that the forces of disruption will shout themselves out and succumb from sheer exhaustion. At present there is no indication of it. Meantime, the plain, sensible, law-abiding, God-fearing citizen is treated with complete indifference. He is not picturesque "copy," his opinions are not lurid, his daily life, which

is but a record of the day's work accomplished, does not lend itself to sensational exploitation and increase of circulation, and so he is completely ignored. His most cherished convictions are flouted by wild-eyed blatherskites, his property rights are threatened by those who would practise theft under the protection of the ballot, the country he loves is insulted, the Empire which compels the loyalty of his heart is ridiculed, and he is supposed to lie down under the torrent of invective and thank God that he is permitted occasionally to lift his head above the putrid stream and enjoy an interval of breathing.

The time was in Canada when an editor was an editor, and felt the solemn responsibility of his great office. In those days (we think of editors of the type of Farrar, Godkin, Labouchere, Dana) the public interest was the touchstone. And by that phrase, "public interest," we mean no more than the interest of the vast majority of essentially decent people. These men believed they possessed a country, and were quick and zealous in defence of her rights. To-day Canada is but a foot-ball for any political madman to kick where he will.

Are we witnessing the opening phases of the break-up of Confederation? Is the selfish sectionalism, which is so blatant in the North-West, the beginning of a movement which is destined to shake the Provinces apart; or, at any rate, inaugurate a struggle which shall keep us in a state of political unrest for a generation at least? Fourteen hundred miles of solid rock separate us from the vast alluvial lands of the North-West, and the population, boast as we may, in that rocky hinterland will always be scant. The whole of the North-West is open to the peaceful American invasion. We cannot prevent it. That region may, probably will, become the predominating partner. It seems unthinkable to complacent, easy-going Canadians that Canada, as a nation, should ever cease to exist. Is it unthinkable? So many unthinkable contingencies have become sudden grim realities in these days that it behooves us to eschew all dogmatism. Certainly we would be fools, and worse than fools, not to realize that the average American settler who takes up land in the North-West is not lured by love of British institutions, but by land-hunger and the desire to better his lot in life. Of Canada's past history he knows nothing; and can we blame him if, in a vision, he sees the "starry flag" floating from the Polar ice to the Isthmus of Panama?

Just what, e.g., is the motive that prompts the controllers of the public policy of the U.G.G. to buy their implements in Chicago and Racine, Wis., in preference to Toronto, Brantford, Woodstock, etc.? Our implement men have extended credits to the tune of over eight millions to the North-West farmers, and have renewed private paper again and again. The U.G.G. sells only for cash, and sees that it gets it. Is the object to force Free Trade in all the

farmer uses, without any regard whatever to the welfare of Canada as a whole? What is the origin of this hatred of the East? Is it mere megalomania? Or is there some subtle quality in the keen air of the Prairies that breeds defiance of all that is old and tried. We cannot believe that the U.G.G. is controlled by American manufacturing interests; and yet, from the stubborn preference shown for goods of American manufacture by that concern, it might be considered a justifiable inference. Perhaps it is just pure cussedness. In any event it is unpatriotic. In bad years, as we have remarked, our implement men have carried the hard-pressed farmers, and our Government at Ottawa has come forward in a prodigally generous way to help them out with seed wheat, feed and all the rest of it. We have spent tens of millions to tide them over the bad years, and have got no thanks. At present there is a dead set against the East. "We want Free Trade," is the slogan. But what is the sense of talking about Free Trade so long as the United States remains the most highly protected nation in the world? Will building up the protected manufacturers in the United States *at the expense of Canada* bring the glad day of Free Trade? Not a bit of it! It will retard it; because it will permit the advocates of Protection in the United States to say, "See how Protection and fostering of native industries helps us to capture the foreign market! Pray, observe, that we can undersell the world *and keep competition out of our own field.*"

The plain fact is that what is needed is a Solemn League and Covenant of all those loyal and patriotic Canadians (the vast majority) who are most heartily sick of the disruptionist and cheap political sciolist. It will not do to say, "These men are in earnest." What is called moral sincerity, when divorced from sound reason, is one of the most dangerous, as it is one of the most truly exasperating, things in the world. Sensible men are charged by the unenlightened zealot with a desire to undermine morality; when, as a matter of fact, what they are really trying to do is to place morality, not on a basis of unreasoned emotion, but on the rock of common-sense. Healthy men, since the days of the New Testament, have a profound distrust of sandy foundations. Emotion without the check-rein of reason is a steed of the sun without the guiding hand of Apollo.

Old things pass away and all things are made new, not in nature, but in the human heart. Laws grind on and must be obeyed. The war has not changed the nature of things one iota. The lazy man still fails; the ignorant man is still bewildered; the sensualist is still struggling in "the fearful pit and in the miry clay," and the brave, the patient, the resourceful, the courageous still win and keep the prizes of life. And you cannot change it. This "New World" cry is madness, for the reason that to every son of earth it is, always has been, and always will be a New World. Heaven

help us if it should ever be an old world, i.e., a worn-out world. To the man who takes the dare of Time and Fate fresh wonders are always being disclosed. The curse of the age is the belief in legislative short-cuts.

"Small are the ills that kings can cause or cure."

If half the energy which these rainbow-chasers and system-mongers use up in pursuit of the Kingdom of Heaven by resolution were put into solid work and genuine culture of the soul we should, indeed, have a New World, for we would have new men and women. It is a confession of personal impotence, a sign of defeat and surrender to the powers of darkness and despair when men turn like mendicants to the Government and expect it to do what God demands they should do for themselves. To spread the miasma of distrust of our public men, as a decadent Liberal organ is doing, is to proclaim our own moral rottenness. To expect the Government to do for us what we ought to do for ourselves is to draw attention to our essential personal cowardice and our intrinsic laziness. It is deplorable that men of British birth and breeding should be prepared to surrender the bold freedom, which has distinguished them throughout all history, in favor of a soulless thing known as The Government, and depend upon legal enactments for their security, instead of upon their own courage and tenacity. No government on the face of this earth can produce from a purse of Fortunatus the goods of life.

"To each according to *his will*,
Men, kingdoms, stars and the sky holding all."

Russia proves it; for in Russia at this hour we behold a proletariat absolutely dependent on the Soviet—not only for a bare ration and a miserable, almost unendurable housing, but for life and breath. The theory of the modern sera is that no organism can live in the presence of its own death. Nor can freedom live long among men who put their trust for happiness in an outside organism, and allow their own stout wills to become palsied. The naïve, childish, contemptible belief in the efficacy of government to solve our troubles will in the end produce a race of emasculated, feeble, political eunuchs.

What we really want is the old Imperial fire; the old independence; that *furor Britannicus* which sent Drake cruising up and down the Spanish Main, which inspired Sir Humphrey Gilbert to cry out over the waste waters of the frozen north from the deck of the Golden Hind, "Heaven is as near by water as by land," which drove Mungo Park as a fury through the wilds of Gambia—that spirit of personal freedom, all compact of Faith and fire, which has created, and we pray to Heaven may continue to sustain, the noblest type of man who has so far appeared on earth.

A gathering of representative Canadians from all the Provinces, leaving out no class, no.trade, no profession, met in solemn assembly

to declare that Canada is One and Indivisible, and solemnly re-affirming the ancient and divine doctrine of personal liberty and complete and absolute obedience to impartial justice for all, would result in clearing the national air and in driving all the disrupters, separationists and greedy advocates of sectionalism and group-rapacity into the only Hell they really fear—obscurity. What is needed, and what we must have, is a strong central government.

ASSASSINS OF EMPIRE

IN a reasoned article entitled *The Governor-Generalship, The Toronto Daily Star* (August 19th) reveals openly, what sensible and patriotic men have long suspected from its malignantly one-sided cable despatches, viz., its complete disloyalty to a United Empire.

In the cable despatches in question only the disturbed condition of the labor world in Britain is represented. We are deluged with accounts of strikes, ignorant inflammatory utterances on the part of wild-eyed socialists until we have grown sick of it. It is no longer interesting. We know there is another and a nobler England—an England of steadily increasing commerce, of tender philanthropy, of noble scholarship, of enlarging growth. This wonderful England, the true England, we never hear of. At first these foolish cables were simply offensive. Now they are boresome. There is never a word of good cheer; no mention is ever made of the magnificent work of reconstruction that has been quietly going on; no sympathy is ever expressed for the terrible problems that British statesmen are trying to solve in the interest of all mankind. One could imagine from the information purveyed by these paid pessimists that the grand old land of heroes was at the last gasp of senility and decay. The contrary is, of course, the case. England was never more awake or alive. These disturbances are but the growing pains of a mighty race.

There are labor troubles to be sure in Great Britain; but are there none in the United States? Has Canada been altogether free of unrest? What about James Simpson and the wild ravings of the man MacDonald? What about the attempted Bolshevism at Winnipeg? Is there no labor trouble in Italy? in France? Every reasonable man knows that the world is standing on its head and that Britain, so far from being the worst off, is in a happier case than any of them. Her "eye is not dimmed, neither is her natural force abated."

We do not know the nationality of the writer of these editorials, nor even his name; but if he were the paid agent of the enemies of England he could hardly go further than he does. This paper, held at its proper estimate by all thoughtful citizens for its advocacy of disturbing conclusions; fattening and battening on mob-shyteria; running with the hare and crying with the hounds; condemning

Hearst and printing disgusting cartoons of purely American origin (Imitation is the sincerest flattery!), has now definitely aligned itself with the advocates (or shall we say single advocate?) of Separatism. It dare not do so openly. Its approach is covert, sly, indirect.

We had supposed that the doctrine of complete separation from the British Empire was limited to a man by the name of Ewart. Mr. Ewart is honest and open in his advocacy. It is a pity that a gentleman bearing such a fine old Scotch name should fail to see that the British Empire is the most beneficent single agency in the world, and that its maintenance is the one sure guarantee of continued rational freedom for mankind. It would seem that we were mistaken. *The Star* must now be numbered with the forces of Imperial disruption.

Curiously enough the editorial in question synchronizes with *The Star's* espousal of MacKenzie King, whose most trivial doings are chronicled with meticulous care. It seems hardly possible that one of Canadian birth and training could be so vulgar and insulting to all that is held dear and sacred by the British race as to pen the article in question. In England it is considered *the last offence against decency* to drag the name of the Royal Family into a political discussion. It is simply never done. The King, as the titular head of The State and as the symbol of racial unity and aspiration, is treated with the respect due to his exalted and onerous position. He is supposed to represent the whole mighty Empire, and does.

The very assumptions of this production are offensive in the highest degree. *The Onlooker* has had no experience of royalty or even of nobility. His walk in life is in every sense of the word humble and average. He claims his fundamental human rights and no more. He has never shaken hands with a lord, and has no desire to be joined up with the nobility. But he has a contempt too deep for words for that type of human snob who, merely because a man has been born to a title or has gained one, is prepared to deny him those common attributes of good sense, fair ability, innate justice and kindly courtesy which are characteristic of all decent, educated people the world over. The worst tuft-hunters are to be found among those censorious of rank. They revile what they envy.

As to the abilities of the Earl of Athlone, we know nothing. The Tecks have the reputation of being a very clever race. We assume that he is a simple, honest gentleman, and that if he be appointed to the position of Governor-General he will fill the office with dignity and tact. No more will be asked of him. To say of this nobleman, whose appointment is by no means a certainty, that the *sole* qualification he possesses is that "he is related to the Royal Family" is unspeakably vulgar. Only a cad could write it.

But the editorial fairly reeks with insolence and bad taste.

We submit these sentences as proof: "Just whether the Governor-Generalship *is to be continued* in its present form remains to be discussed between Canada and Great Britain." The cool audacity of it! Is *this* a hint of what we may expect under MacKenzie King? One thing is certain, there will be no such madness perpetrated under such a noble, heartfelt loyalist as the Hon. Arthur Meighen, who will be Prime Minister for the next two years at least, and, please God, a decade after. Between MacKenzie King and the Premiership there lies a single blood-red flower—the poppy! Ah! MacCrea, noble-hearted and valiant soldier, and true spiritual Imperialist, we have *not* forgotten! Hold thy soul in great patience! Canada still is, and intends to remain, British to the core!

"It is incongruous for one equal nation to appoint and send a Governor-General to another equal nation." It is—*where there is no Empire*. Certainly it would be incongruous for France to send a Governor-General to the United States. But it is not incongruous, but beautifully logical and fit, for the head of a vast confederacy bound together by the strongest tie on earth—race—to appoint a living person who shall represent on the spot what he represents in the dead centre of that race's life—the perfect freedom which owns no limits but Law and Justice. But the meaning of this sentence in the mind of the writer is, that at the present time no British Empire is in existence, and that we have already cut the painter. What do the loyal souls, 684,000 strong, who helped to save The Empire, think of such disloyalty to the great mother of a free parliament? What about the battle-cry of the "Princess Pats" —"Canada and the dear old Motherland!"?

We venture to say that if *The Star* would print a straight editorial advocating immediate separation from the British Empire it would discover to its surprise that not another paper in the country (with the exception of Bourassa's *Le Devoir*) would follow suit. It dare not do so. It prefers the approach indirect, the oblique hint, the poisonous whisper. It is willing to wound, but afraid to come out into the open and strike.

The final sentence begins, "If the past is to be maintained at all, *which deserves to be carefully considered.*" Lord save us! Is it advocating MacKenzie King as President?

No true Britisher (and we are all *full* British subjects) will be misled as to the true *raison d'être* of this insulting deliverance. It is disloyal throughout; but it is written in better English than usual. It has, in fact, an academic smell. We wonder!

We heartily rejoiced when it became apparent that *The Star* had espoused MacKenzie King. The loyal and disloyal forces are now aligned. On the one side we have the Hon. Arthur Meighen, of stout Ulster and loyalist stock, whose forbears went into the pathless wilderness and hewed out a home; on the other Mr. MacKenzie King, who hopes to gather all the malcontents under his wing and seize Canada for those who fattened at her expense and refused to fight.

CAUSES OF IRISH UNREST

(Continued from last issue)

Lady Gregory has written voluminously and well on every phase of Irish life and history. Considering that she did not find herself till well into middle life her achievements must be considered remarkable. She is that rare thing in a woman—a humorist; and that rarer—a true dramatist. "The Workhouse Ward" is certainly one of the wittiest single-act comedies in our language; and "The White Cockade," though forced here and there in its humor, conveys a spirited and convincing portrait of King James of ignoble memory. There is a touch of Molière in all she writes; though in her envisagement of situation and her handling of climax she falls far short of the most consummate craftsman that Time has produced, with the single exception of Aristophanes. Yet if one will but abandon oneself to the absurd and the impossible her writings will be found packed full of genuine, rollicking, contagious fun. Nothing could be more absurd than the attempt of Hyacinth Halvey to get rid of a good character; or than the supreme dismay of Bartley Fallon in "The Spreading of the News" at finding himself charged with the intention of eloping with Jack Smith's wife.

When Lady Gregory wrote "The Rising of the Moon" and "The Gaol Gate" she no doubt did so in full innocence of heart with never an intention of arousing latent antagonisms to the "Government As By Law Established." Yet both appeal, and we may add directly, to all that is inflammatory in the Irish temperament. Both, that is to say, impinge on the always dangerous political zone. In any other country than Ireland these trifling sketches might pass as harmless; but Ireland is a land where speech is dangerous; public speech more so, and the widely circulated word most dangerous of all.

The "Rising of the Moon" consists simply of a sustained conversation between an attainted rebel, for whose discovery a reward of £100 is offered, and a typical member of the Irish Constabulary. There is genuine art in the way in which Lady Gregory treats the old ballad singer (in reality the "wanted" man for whom the policeman is on the sharp look-out); and the waggish way in which the hard-pressed outlaw plays on the credulity, the vanity, the fear, and finally the patriotism of his would-be captor, is incomparably fine. The droll feature is that in fencing for his very life he cannot resist taking a rise out of the man who stands between him and the gallows. Paddy must have his laugh even on the edge of death. His lightning-like wit plays like a rapier about the heavy conceit of the serjeant. He actually reveals his identity more than once, but so dense is the wit of his unconscious victim that he is quite unable to put two and two together. Finally, after allowing himself to be pompously corrected for a purposed misquotation of a well-known proscribed ballad, he wrings from the serjeant an ad-

mission that he was a rebel himself in his young days. This point gained, the rest follows, and when the remainder of the watch return, the sworn custodian of the law actually helps the hunted man to escape. One can imagine the wild enthusiasm with which a play of this kind would be received at the present time. It has had an immense vogue.

The other sketch consists also of a sustained conversation between a mother and daughter-in-law, broken, at a certain stage, by the utterly heartless, commonplace remarks of the gatekeeper of the gaol.

It is dawn, and mother and daughter in-law are standing patiently waiting for the gate to open after an all-night tramp. In the trying interval (while waiting to get news of Denis the husband and son) they recount the whole sordid story of the murder. They know that the boy is innocent, because it is common knowledge that "Terry Fury fired the shot." What has driven them forth on their pathetic journey is that the neighbors have charged that Denis, in order to save himself, turned informer while in gaol and so caused the arrest of the true murderers. The wife is full of excuses for her young husband, but the mother is a blind fury of faith in the loyalty of her son.

"Mary Cushin—It is no wonder a man to grow faint-hearted and he shut away from the light. I never would wonder at all at anything he might be driven to say.

"Mary Cahel—There were good men were gaoled before him never gave in to anyone at all. It is what I am thinking, Mary, he might not have done what they say."

Yet there is the terrible dread that perhaps the charge made by the neighbors is true. They debate the future. Back to Daire-Caol again he cannot go. What then? America, of course. But after the sale of everything the poor old mother will be left penniless. As God wills! She will go to a distant workhouse and hide her grief and shame.

The gate opens and the human brute makes his appearance. The mother asks to be allowed to speak to her son and tremblingly hands him the blue official letter notifying her of the date of the execution.

"Gatekeeper—Give me here the letter to read. Sure it never was opened at all.

"Mary Cahel—Myself and this woman have no learning. We were loth to trust any other one."

Alas! it is too late; Denis is dead. At first, not knowing all the facts they suppose that he died a natural death because "he had a cough on him," and they are torn with grief to think that now his name can never be cleared of the awful stain of informing. The wife breaks utterly down and sings what is truly a lamentation.

Presently the gatekeeper returns and, inadvertently, as it were,

they learn that Denis did not die a natural death, but was hanged. He had been true after all! Nay more, the actual murderers, Terry Fury and Pat Ruane, in the same gaol with him, because he kept silence, were liberated for want of evidence. This part of the tiny drama is really tremendous. It looms up like those colossal and overpowering figures which Michael Angelo would occasionally draw on a piece of paper no bigger than a postage stamp. When the full glory of what her boy had done breaks on the old mother she lifts up her soul in a veritable paean of praise.

"I will go through Gort and Kilbecanty and Drumdarod and Daroda; I will call to the people and the singers at the fairs to make a great praise for Denis!

"The child that he left in the house that is shook, it is great will be his boast in his father! All Ireland will have a Welcome before him, and all the people in Boston.

"I to stoop on a stick through half a hundred years I will never be tired of praising! Come hither, Mary Cushin, till we'll shout it through the roads, Denis Cahel died for his neighbor!"

Now, as a piece of art "The Gaol Gate" is magnificent. The folly of Denis is sublime. Such fidelity to the "law of the Clan" touches the stars. But the whole theory of ethics involved is subversive of all morality, and, indeed, of all trust. What shall we say of the two scoundrels who allowed a young man to pass to a felon's grave? And what shall we think of a condition of society where the glory of God and all angels is shed over a situation so unnatural, so mistaken, so grossly and deeply immoral that the mind shrinks back in horror from the mere suggestion of it?

But the fatal step once taken could not be retraced and from this germ, so innocent and artistic at first sprang, the purest pessimist that literature has produced—not excepting Swift—J. M. Synge, and that wild genius who expiated his crimes on the scaffold—James Conolly. But these deserve a separate notice.

The struggle in Ireland to-day is no longer between those who demand a Republic and those who are for maintaining British connection. It is a fight between the Sinn Fein and the advocates of Bolshevism; between the landholders and the owners of property (Catholic and Protestant alike) and the landless and impoverished. The flames of the Soviet are raging in Ireland.

CARMINA

By

James Cobourg Hodgins.

PAPINEAU

(Major Talbot Mercer Papineau, killed in action, 30.10.17.)

Others might halt and parley, but not you,
Crowned now with deathless bays. Enough that Might
Dared lift it's brazen front against that France
Who, from her dauntless soul, had fed the world
With genius, beauty, charm and courtesy.
You heard the call and answered, "Here am I!"
Among the very first—Immortal band!
Clear, with invincible gaze, you grasped the truth,
Saw, in a flash, the threat against all peace,
All honor and all joy, and drew your sword.
Oh, Britain! stumbling on the trail of Fate,
Groping at times in darkness, dread and doubt;
Reeling beneath the weight of Empire; now
Facing the coiling serpents of unrest—
Each with retracted neck prepared to strike—
Unsure that Freedom, such as thine, is safe
In a world armed to ravage and destroy—
Pause, ponder, and take heart and charge beyond!
Those, born of those who once provoked your rage,
Marched side by side with sons whose loyalty
Ran light in limpid streams a thousand years.
Thy clemency—warm, tolerant as the Sun—
Conquered the rebel strain and bred a love
That faltered not at death. The sword that once
Was raised against you flashed with all your swords—
Clean as the blade of honor forged for use—
And name that vexed now shines among the stars,
Bright 'mid the galaxies of Chivalry.

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